

## SPLENDID PAPER READ BEFORE D. A. R.

"THE EVILS OF WAR," DISCUSSED  
BEFORE RECENT MEETING BY  
MRS. D. A. CROCKETT.

Paper is Published at the Request of  
Members of That Organization and  
Will Be Read With Interest.

The following paper on "The Evils of War" was read before the recent meeting of the D. A. R. in this city by Mrs. D. A. Crockett, and is published at the request of members of that organization:

In the words of General Sherman, "War is hell." Certainly Sherman knew whereof he spoke, for he made it as hellish as possible, leaving behind him a trail of fire and smoke, devastation and desolation in his "march through Georgia," hailed in song and story by his admirers as "famous," but by others as "infamous."

Today no name is so hated by Georgians as that of Sherman, whose order, it is alleged, was to burn and destroy everything in his path in a radius of three miles, when making that memorable "march to the sea."

The smoking fields, the destitution of the wailing, homeless, orphans, widows, wives and children of the absent Southern white man rose up from the land where, also, another danger threatened, as negroes were being stirred up against the whites and the unprotected women knew their real protectors were not able to reach them. However, in this connection, he it said to the credit of the slaves and freedmen during that war that they did not take advantage of this opportunity to commit outrages but often protected their former mistresses and families with wonderful loyalty. There may have been some who committed outrages but the number was small and the cases isolated.

Now, what glory can anybody see in a vast army fighting a handful of men and women? What glory is it to burn the food of a starving people? And, yet, to General Sherman belongs the glory, credit, or responsibility, as you prefer to call it, of bringing to a speedier climax the close of a long, bitter struggle. That was his object.

From one viewpoint—perhaps that of General Sherman—it was more humane to cut off supplies to the people and so close the war, than to prolong an already long, bitter, bloody struggle which would, if continued, entail more widespread loss of life, property and human happiness.

And, continued it would be as long as the South had supplies of ammunition and food. There was simply no surrender in the Southern fighting man's makeup. Already he was outnumbered six to one by an army well equipped, trained, and backed up by a government with funds and in control of military posts, arsenals and forts. The Southern soldiers were overpowered but—conquered? Never!

So, we see that in this one example there were many evils—loss of life, homes, crops, commerce, railroads, besides everything promoting education and advancing the progress of a commonwealth.

Georgia was paralyzed and the above losses set her back in her progress, compared with Northern states, at least fifty years.

Now, what was true of Georgia in the great civil warfare of our own country was largely true of various sections of the country—whether the aggressors were Northerners or Southerners.

Each side was damaging the other as much as possible. What was true

of the civil war in our own land is but a type of all warfare. This is the history of war.

When all domestic restraints are taken from men and boys and the home influences are no longer thrown around them, temptations to the passions and appetites are more numerous.

There is a certain class of women that are the buzzards of the army, trailing in its wake, ever ready to seize some new victim.

There is the lure of drink in the convivial gatherings. A story, a song, a drink by the camp fire on a cold night, may become a frequent program, the repetition of which may drift into the forming of the drink habit.

A blanket on a wet, cold ground may be the soldier's bed for the night while he dreams of home and loved ones, or lies awake from the discomfort of his exposure.

What vigilance it must take on the part of the officers! What a responsibility it is to control hundreds or thousands of men, sometimes made almost savage by the horrors of carnage.

The numbers killed and wounded are multiplied many times by the number of relatives and friends left bereaved. And who can say that these broken hearts are not the result of "the evils of war?"

The thought of the dead and wounded is prominent when we speak of "the evils of war," but there is another danger to even life itself and that is, disease. The diseases contracted, the epidemics likely, the lack of sufficient and proper attention while ill or dying are some of the perils of war.

Exposure may bring tuberculosis, bronchitis, pneumonia, etc., where soldiers sleep on the cold, wet, or snow-covered ground; or if not properly shod; or, if they have to wade, or swim, icy streams in winter. The untold sufferings of years may follow for the soldier. His descendants, also may suffer through inheriting a disease, or through inheriting a constitution that may cause them to readily contract disease.

A malarial climate, common in swamp lands, is a menace to natives and often death to the newcomers who must first suffer the long, hot weeks of fever; perhaps, poorly attended, in an unsanitary, hastily improvised hospital lacking proper medical supplies and an insufficient number of doctors to attend the patients in the overcrowded wards.

The prisons are even worse than the hospitals. The diseases and food horrors of the prisons are sometimes appalling.

Supplying proper food to an army, or navy, is no small matter. Our government's failure in this respect during the Spanish-American war caused not only sickness and death to hundreds of soldiers, with the accompanying suspense and agony of their relatives, but, expense to our government in caring for the sick, dying and dead; also, of conducting the official investigations which followed.

The secretary of war, General Alger, was so bitterly denounced by the press that his resignation which followed was accepted, perhaps to satisfy public sentiment.

Thus one man had his political dreams shattered by official decapitation, and General Alger passed into political oblivion when, for aught we know, he may have been "more sinned against than sinning."

Then followed the probe into various packing concerns that had supplied the commissary at Chicamauga camp and elsewhere. When it was disclosed, as had been asserted, that putrid packed meats had been fed to the army, the whole country was furious, especially as typhoid fever at Chicamauga continued to rage.

More than one packing house felt the boycott that followed, the American people almost refusing to buy canned goods, especially meats.

All of these evils had some good in the corrective methods following, for Uncle Sam now saw to it that government inspectors were appointed to inspect packing houses and their goods.

When our party visited Chicamauga Park one beautiful summer day, we spread our picnic dinner beside the Crawfish Springs.

At the conclusion of our luncheon we went over to the Crawfish Springs hotel, a large, rambling, old frame structure of many corridors, rooms, piazzas and, as I remember it, about three stories high.

This was the building which was converted into a hospital during the Spanish-American war when the typhoid epidemic raged at Chicamauga.

Our steps echoed through the almost deserted hotel.

To me, the visit to this building brought a note of sadness, for the souls of dead men seemed to cry out against "the evils of war."

When I viewed the national cemetery at Chattanooga, where lie more than thirteen thousand soldiers, it made me sad to think of the desolate homes that mourned for the lost.

True, they were the graves of soldiers who wore the Blue, but they were precious to their families and to this nation. They were brave Americans, loyal to their principles like those who wore the Gray.

Magnificent monuments have been erected at Chicamauga Park by various states. Arkansas had none there when I visited the Park, but numbers of states north and south have erected beautiful monuments of handsome marble, granite and bronze, whose

**"NO MAN CAN BE IN THE HIGHEST SENSE SUCCESSFUL UNLESS HE IS A GOOD CITIZEN OF HIS OWN CITY."**

Truer words were never spoken. There is more to the game of life than merely making money. Patriotism for your country is one thing. Pride in your HOMETOWN is another.

The one best bet in the municipal free-for-all is YOURTOWN.

If in the hustle and bustle of existence in a big strange city, you suddenly jostle someone, and look up and find a FAMILIAR FACE your thoughts go back to YOURTOWN.

YOURTOWN is the inspiration of poets, the pride of honest throbbing hearts and the model of admiring rivals of lesser note.

**THIS IS YOURTOWN.**

Now has it ever occurred to you that your gas, electric light and traction companies are "citizens" of YOURTOWN. That they are developers of YOURTOWN. That they have the interests of YOURTOWN at heart. Possibly it has not occurred to you but it is true.

The PUBLIC UTILITIES are a vital part of the business life of this city. They are what might well be called "INDUSTRY NUMBER ONE." YOUR gas, water, electric light and traction companies have proven to be big factors in the up-building of YOURTOWN. They have helped make it what it is today—A REAL PROGRESSIVE CITY. They will continue to co-operate with the citizens of the city to make it a GREATER CITY.

The public utilities of YOURTOWN have also helped to make you comfortable as their means will permit.

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ITY HAS DECREASED SO MUCH IN THE LAST TEN YEARS THAT IT IS NOW WITHIN THE REACH OF THE SMALLEST WAGE EARNER.

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In the development of YOURTOWN the trolley system has been one of the MOST IMPORTANT FACTORS. No one influence has contributed as much to the growth of YOURTOWN.

AND THOUGH NEARLY EVERYTHING ENTERING INTO THE COST OF LIVING HAS INCREASED, THE STREET CAR FREE REMAINS THE SAME. THIS IS DESPITE THE FACT THAT NEARLY EVERYTHING ENTERING INTO THE COST OF TRANSPORTATION HAS ALSO INCREASED.

So in your pride and the boasting of YOURTOWN, don't forget that the gas, water, electric light and trolley companies should be given CREDIT FOR THEIR SHARE IN ITS UPBUILDING.

The success of your city depends upon the men behind it. And upon the men you select to run it.

It is pride in your town that counts. This means continual boosting. Result—Greater prosperity.

AND DON'T FORGET THAT PLUGGING AWAY ALL THE TIME ARE YOUR GAS, WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND TROLLEY COMPANIES GIVING SERVICE MAKING YOU COMFORTABLE AND DEVELOPING YOURTOWN.

## My Household

"My household shall be taught; besides the fear of GOD, at least one thing; the art of living for the good of this, their town; that they must seldom speak of its deficiencies, and only then at home, and with the thought that they will set things right, that they must often speak of its advantages, and when they travel must lose no chance to spread its name in good repute, or they shall move elsewhere."

—EDWIN L. QUARLES.

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An Elderly Lady Was Stiff and Sore  
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as a Girl, Through

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Alkano Remedy Co., Kansas City, Mo. Gentlemen: I feel that I would be unfair if I did not tell you what Alkano has done for me. I have been such a sufferer from rheumatism for several years. I was so lame and stiff it was next to impossible for me to get up and down, and part of the time I could not lie down at all. I could not ascend or descend stairs without unbearable pains. I cannot begin to tell half the great value your remedy has been to me. Doctors failed even to relieve me. I tried Alkano a short time. It was not pleasant to take, so I gave it up, but was forced back to it. Then I stuck to it until I had taken a bottle and a half. As a result my dreadful pains disappeared entirely.

If anyone wishes to write me, I will gladly answer any questions they may ask. Alkano certainly drove all the rheumatism out of my system and left me as limber as a girl. I am now 56 years old. Yours very truly,  
MRS. S. F. BANKER.

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spires pierce the blue vaults of heaven.

Missionary Ridge is covered with tablets and monuments, likewise to tell the story and do honor to the valor of our noble dead.

I viewed all of these monuments and sighed in thinking of the thousands who were bereft of these loved ones who mourned for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

Most of the years of my life I thought of war as glorious and of heroes only as warriors. I was the daughter of one who had been a soldier.

My father was a soldier of the Gray and his father, a slaveholder, was a generous contributor to the Confederate government. The failure of that government to redeem its bonds and the freeing of the family slaves, brought hardship but never

censure from my people, although one son, my father's brother, was buried on the battlefield of Gettysburg. The other sons returned to the homestead but my father never fully recovered from the exposure and hardships he had endured during military service.

On my mother's side there were fighters, among whom her cousin, General Wade Hampton, is perhaps the best known.

Her father, my grandfather, Judge Pettit, served in the War of 1812, running away from home when a mere lad under the required military age, to join the army against the British whom his ancestors had fought not so many years before in the great American Revolution, one ancestor having been one of the signers of the first American Declaration of Independence, which was declared in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, and preceded the one declared in Philadelphia. His name was William Kennon.

Having come from a family of fighters, I naturally gloried in things martial. History was my favorite study and I gloried in a fight, the accounts of war and of daring deeds.

But maturer judgment has taught me the beauty of peace, the greatness of heroes of peace, national and international, and the wisdom of Shakespeare's advice: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel but, once being in, see that the enemy beware of thee." In other words, avoid a quarrel, or fight, if possible, but, in case it comes, don't be a coward and flee.

As a teacher of history for many years in the public schools, my golden, youthful view of war was changed, the carnage, the desolation, the interruption to all progress, the expense, the misery, the suffering, all became apparent and I was forced to see the "evils of war."

All the gold of California, Alaska, the Rockies, combined with all of America's silver, if spent in monu-

ments and pensions could not recompense a mother for the loss of a son, a widow for the loss of a loyal, tender, loving husband, nor a child for the loss of the protecting, loving care of a father.

Recently we have been reading of how poor Mexico, our border sister American country, is being rent in twain by warfare, all of her progress and government torn asunder. It is horrible.

But, more than horrible to us it would be if our own brave countrymen should be ordered to invade that poor storm-tossed country, for then, when, perhaps, our very own brave husbands, fathers, brothers, or sons, had to leave us, we'd realize that we prefer peace and progress to the seeming glories of war which leaves in its trail desolation and all of "the evils of war."

This was brought forcibly home to me a few months since when war with Mexico seemed imminent and my husband remarked, while reading the newspaper accounts of Mexican atrocities, "I wish the United States would declare war. I would like nothing better than to go down there and fight those Mexicans."

No doubt, he was thinking of the cowardly murder of his own great-uncle, David Crockett, who had stood up against countless Mexicans in his defense of the Alamo.

Immediately the beauties of peace presented themselves to me and I discouraged long and earnestly on "the evils of war."

All honor to Secretary William Jennings Bryan and to President Woodrow Wilson for the "watchful wait-

ing" policy and conservative wisdom in avoiding, if possible, war with Mexico and the consequent "evils of war."

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